The Heart of a Killer

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/50898151.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Jimmy Price/Brian Zeller, Will Graham & Beverly Katz
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham's Dogs, Winston (Hannibal), Beverly Katz, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Original Male Character(s), Jack Crawford, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Dark Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal Lecter is Obsessed with Will Graham, Jack Crawford Being an Asshole, Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, Prisoner Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton Being an Asshole
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-17 Words: 408 Chapters: 1/?

The Heart of a Killer

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Summary

Special Agent Will Graham is ordered to consult with Dr. Hannibal Lecter, an imprisoned physicist and master manipulator. As they delve into the mind of a chilling new killer, the boundary between empathy and obsession becomes dangerously thin. Love and murder entwine, revealing a web of darkness that ensnares them all.

Will's gaze never wavered as he met Hannibal's intense stare. "You understand them better than anyone, Dr. Lecter, don't you?" he asked, his voice tinged with a mix of curiosity and caution.

Hannibal leaned closer, a small, elegent smile gracing his lips. "Indeed, Agent Graham," he purred, "I understand the minds of those who dance on the edge of the abyss. Just as I understand you."

Notes

sorry I forgot how to save dratfs, and now i can't delet this chapter.

Jack Crawford sat in his dimly lit office at the FBI headquarters, surrounded by the Brain Surgeon's case file. He was reflecting on the past few weeks and how his task force had been working tirelessly, sifting through evidence, and following leads, but the killer seemed to always be a step ahead. The crime scenes were a messy display of precision and madness, with victims displaying surgical incisions and missing brain matter. It was a gruesome puzzle, and they were no closer to solving it.

His phone rang, shattering the silence. He glanced at the caller ID, but it displayed an unknown number. With a sigh, he answered, "Jack Crawford."

A voice as smooth as velvet greeted him on the other end. "Ah, Jack, how delightful to hear your voice."

Jack's irritation flared instantly. "Hannibal."

The infamous Dr. Hannibal Lecter chuckled softly. "I've been following your pursuit of the Brain Surgeon quite closely. You and your team seem to be struggling."

Jack clenched his fist, feeling anger surge through him. "What do you want, Hannibal?"

Hannibal's voice took on a sly, almost mocking tone. "I have information that could prove invaluable to your case, Jack. I'm sure you're eager to know more."

Jack's patience was running thin, and he didn't bother to hide his annoyance. "Get to the point, Lecter."

"Very well," Hannibal replied, his tone unchanged. "I have insights into the Brain Surgeon, details that could help you catch him. But, Jack, I have a condition."

Jack's jaw tightened. He knew dealing with Hannibal Lecter was like dancing with a viper, but he had little choice. "What's your condition?"

"I'll offer my insights and share my knowledge, on one condition," Hannibal purred. "I want to meet with Special Agent Will Graham."

The mere mention of Will's name sent a surge of anger through Jack's veins. "Why Will?"

Hannibal's voice was like honey laced with poison. "Because, Jack, from what I have heard of Agent Graham, I find his mind to be of high intrigue. I believe he and I could form a formidable team."

Jack's frustration boiled over. "I'm not making deals with you, Hannibal. You've manipulated enough people."

Hannibal's response was calm and calculated. "Think it over, Jack. I'm sure you'll come to see the wisdom in my proposal."

As the line went dead, Jack sat there, and as he contemplated the consequences of his choices, he couldn't help but feel a growing sense of dread.

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